

Génie l'ouvrière." And the clever little pun was true. Marguerite Audoux is a genius, and she does not understand what people mean when they ask her "how" she "writes." She opens her weak eyes very wide at the question, laughs as a child laughs when it doesn't understand, and says, "But I don't know. The thoughts come, and I write them down. I only wish that I could spell them better."

When the committee of the Vie Heureuse was voting on her book before awarding her the £200 prize for the best book of the year, somebody suggested the possibility that she had had help with it. Madame Séverine was sent to fetch the manuscript. It was passed round, examined, and no more doubt was possible.

I hope you will find the pleasure in reading Marie-Claire that I found in translating it. I should like to say quite earnestly—and perhaps a little shamefacedly, because we hate saying these things out loud—that when I had read it I felt awed. The book had worked upon me. Do you remember the impression of moonlight upon the snow in the country? You must be quite alone to feel it. The purity of it all makes you wish that you were a cleaner man or woman, and, till you